

# Jasper Weekly Courier.

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No. 13.

## A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

Clever Method by Which He Secured Some Evidence.

"I had to resort to a queer ruse once to get an admission from a man I was after," said a private detective. "There had been some trouble at a club between two young men. One threw a glass of wine into the other's face. The other did not resent the insult as he should have done. When his father heard of it he threatened to disinherit his son unless he whipped the man who had thrown the wine in his face. The father was a member of the same club, and he made a wager of a wine supper that his son could and would whip the other fellow. Soon after this the son met the man who had insulted him and whipped him. The fight occurred on a prominent street, and as two of the young man's friends were with him at the time there was talk of an action against them and his father for conspiracy. Our agency was retained to get the evidence needed.

"It was decided that it would be necessary to get an admission from the father of the young man who had made the assault. I was told to get it. I tried many ways and failed. He did not know I was a detective. He had known me for a number of years, but thought I was engaged in other work. I had another plan to get from him what I wanted. I told him a New York publication was having the affair written up and illustrated.

"I said I had seen the picture of the fight which had been prepared for it. He was pleased at the publicity that the fight was to get, for the story of the affair at the club had been printed, and he wanted it known that his son had avenged the insult. I intimated that if he cared to see it I thought I could get him the picture that had been prepared for publication. He was eager to see it.

"I had a friend, a newspaper artist who made me a picture. He made a faithful copy of the street scene where the fight occurred, and he made a fair likeness of the figures in it. The picture showed one man stealing up behind another and striking him from the rear. Behind him were two other men, who were supposed to have accompanied him to see fair play. The father was thought to have been in the neighborhood, but as he wasn't seen he was left off the picture. He examined it carefully.

"Who are these two men?" he asked, pointing to the two onlookers.

"They are the two Blacks, who went along with your son to see that he got fair play," I told him.

"That's all right," he said, "but who is this?" pointing at the man who was striking at the other from behind.

"Why, that's your son," I told him.

"That's a lie!" he exclaimed. "My son stood right in front of him and hit him squarely in the face. I told him to do that and stand up in front of him all the time. I was right across the street, and the two men who were with my son were close enough to see all that happened. They will tell you that he did not hit him from behind. He faced him fairly and whipped him fairly. That was the way we made it up to do. If that's printed I'll whip the men who made it!"

"It wasn't printed, nor were there any court proceedings taken on account of the alleged conspiracy. The men concerned in it on both sides got together and settled it out of court."—Exchange.

**Baked Shad.**  
Clean a shad and stuff with mashed potatoes to which is added a teaspoon of finely minced parsley. Lay the fish on a baking dish on several slices of salt pork. Bake and baste often with the fat from the pork.

**Buckwheat Cakes.**  
There is nothing on the dining room table and nothing that could be placed there that is so great and formidable an enemy to the human face as buckwheat cakes. They are sure to make the complexion yellow and covered with eruptions. Don't insult your face by putting buckwheat cakes into it. They head the entire list of complexion destroyers.—Exchange.

## A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Entering the United States Senate and the House of Lords.

When a senator is elected in the United States he sends his credentials on in advance. They are presented by his colleague, read from the desk and filed in the secretary's office unless some objection is raised, when they are sent to the committee on privileges and elections for examination. When a senator elect appears he steps quietly up to the clerk's desk, escorted by his colleague, takes an oath to support the constitution of the United States and is then led to a desk on the outer row, which his colleague has selected for him, where he receives the congratulations of his friends and introductions to the senators who care to make his acquaintance. He looks as wise as may be and waits for adjournment, when he goes to the secretary's office, writes his autograph in a big red book for the use of the cashier and draws his mileage.

In the English house of lords the proceedings are very different. A newly created peer enters that historic chamber in a robe of scarlet velvet trimmed with ermine, attended by two fellow peers, who act as his sponsors and escorted by the black rod, as the sergeant-at-arms is known, and the garter king at arms, arrayed in a gorgeous tabard. The procession marches around, making low bows to the empty throne and to the presiding officer, who is the lord high chancellor, from different parts of the gilded chamber, to which that imposing person gravely responds. When the new peer reaches the throne he kneels reverently and places upon the empty chair, where his majesty ought to be sitting, the patent of nobility he has received from his sovereign. He is then led to the woolsock, where the lord chancellor administers to him the oath. His sponsors next lead him to the proper bench, where he takes his seat for a moment. Then all three rise and bow three times at the vacant throne and three times to the presiding officer. The lord high chancellor then leaves the woolsock and comes down to shake hands with the new peer and welcome him to the house. The other peers come also and tender their congratulations.



The Social Reformer—Is your mother at home, little girl?  
The Little Girl—No, my mother's gone far away—My—Tatie.

## Real Cause of Baldness.

Coming in from East Liberty on a train were two men who apparently were old acquaintances and who met in a jovial mood. Both men were quite gray, but each had a luxuriant head of hair. Near then sat a stout party with a shining dome that was almost destitute of hirsute covering.

The two friends exchanged facetious remarks about silvered locks, then indulged in some pleasantries about the "thinning of the thatch," with casual references to doorknobs and billiard balls, much to the amusement of the passengers, but to the evident discomfort of the baldheaded man.

The talk finally developed into an argument on the cause of baldness, and after considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly pated stranger, and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted: "Brains!"—Pittsburg Gazette.

## ELECTRICITY.

Why It Is Difficult For the Layman to Understand What It Is.

"What is electricity?" is a favorite query with people who desire to "get a rise" out of a scientific man. And when he fails to answer it in the same simple fashion that he might treat the question "What is a biscuit?" the questioner cries out: "Aha! You profess to know all about electricity. Why, you can't even tell what it is!"

Now, to "tell what a thing is"—that is, to define it—is to state its relations with something more familiar. The particular familiar thing that the questioner is thinking of in this case is ordinary matter. Heat has been explained to him as a vibration of material particles. Light, he has been told, is a wave motion in the ether, and he understands the ether to be a kind of matter or a substance resembling matter in some particulars.

It is not to be denied that no such simple general relationship can be stated between electricity and matter. But, this being so, it would be just as correct to say that we do not know what matter is as that we do not know what electricity is. As a matter of fact, we do not know what matter is, and the latest plausible theory of it builds it up on an electric basis, so that on this theory the idea of electricity is more fundamental than that of matter. Unfortunately our senses have been evolved by contact with matter and are trained to detect only matter. Electricity they know only secondarily, through its action upon matter—the light or heat that it causes matter to give out, the attraction that it causes certain substances to exert, and so on. To the man in the street, therefore, matter is familiar, and he demands a statement of the latter in terms of the former, illogical though this may be. After the scientist has stated all this the reply comes back, "Yes, I understand all that, and it is most clear, I am sure, but tell me, then, what is electricity anyway?"

Another source of confusion to the lay mind is that scientific men do not always use the word "electricity" to mean the same thing. The engineer often employs it to express the thing that the theoretical electrician calls "electric energy."

To find the energy of electricity—that is, its ability to do work—the electrician multiplies the quantity of electricity by the potential or tension under which it exists. But to the engineer this product itself measures the thing that he calls "electricity."

The work that a pound of water may do by falling a foot is one foot pound. The water is the same after falling as before, though its energy is less. So to the electrician a quantity of electricity at 100 volts is precisely the same as at one volt, though the former is able to do a hundred times as much work.

This difference in meaning causes thousands of disputes among students. "Electricity is a form of energy," says one, "just like light or heat." "Oh, no!" is the reply. "It is not energy at all, though it may possess or convey energy." One disputant is talking about the electricity of the physical and the other about that of the engineer; hence their dispute is merely a matter of definition, though they do not know it. What wonder that some people are still content to regard the whole subject as a civilizational Mumbo Jumbo? St. Louis "Ex Libris."

Mr. Meanly—It's something dreadful. My wife is always asking me for money. It's money, money, money, all the time.

Mr. Japson—Why, whatever does she do with all this money?

Mr. Meanly—Oh, I don't know. I haven't given her any yet.

## The Marvels of Science.



Amateur Hypnotist—See, I make the passes—one—two—three. Now try to stop back. You can't do it!—Pick-Me.

## AN ALGERIAN STORY.

All and Mohammed Exchange Secrets of Their Trade.

Mohammed ben Mohammed was a marabout whose affairs were in a most flourishing condition. Pilgrims visited his ancestors' tomb by hundreds, leaving many and rich offerings, and Mohammed ben Mohammed grew fatter and wealthier daily.

His servant, Ali ben Ali, became tired of watching his master's increased wealth and bulk, while his own pocket was as flat as his body was thin. So one dark night he silently took his departure, riding on the back of a young ass belonging to his master.

After a march of about thirty miles the ass had enough of carrying Ali. It was a young ass and knew no better. So it went on strike, lay down and forthwith died. Thereupon Ali dug a hole and put the ass in, piling a great mountain of stones over it. Then, sitting down beside the heap, he began to pray. A traveler passing inquired by whose tomb he prayed so fervently. Ali was filled with astonishment.

What! Had he never heard of the great saint Amar ben Amar (literally "an ass, the son of an ass")? All the people of the country around came there to pray. The traveler did not fail to mention the marabout Amar ben Amar's tomb, and soon pilgrims flocked to it with offerings, and Ali ben Ali grew fat and rich.

The faithful neglected Mohammed ben Mohammed, who at last, furious, abandoned his marabout in order to pay a visit to his rival. Great was his astonishment when he recognized his runaway servant. Taking him aside, he whispered: "Tell me the truth. Who is your marabout?"

"The ass I stole from you. And now tell me—who is your marabout?"

"The mother of the ass you stole from me!"—"My Experiences in Algeria," by Baroness de Boerio, in Wide World Magazine.

## Caught.

In Philadelphia they tell a story of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening" and persuaded her reluctant husband to remain at home and help her receive the fifty guests who were asked to participate in this intellectual feast.

The first author was dull enough, but the second was worse. Moreover, the rooms were intolerably warm. So, on pretense of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found a servant comfortably asleep on the settee.

"Wake up!" sternly commanded the Philadelphian in the man's ear. "Wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"—Harper's Magazine.

## His Great Weight.

Nothing expresses better the importance of a person—in his own or in the world's eyes—than to state it in terms of his relations with the physical world.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, it will be recalled, remarked that the axis of the earth sticks out in every man's back yard. A bonnet of not dissimilar kind is recorded of Washington Irving.

The conversation was turned on the pomposity of a certain American diplomatist.

"Ah, he is a great man," said Irving, "and in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west the east tips up!"

## Not Afraid of a Ghost.

In a village in England a man went running into an inn at 9 o'clock at night and cried out that there was a ghost in his back yard. There were fourteen men in the inn, and not one of them dared to go home with the man and investigate. There was a person who dared, however, and that was the landlord's daughter, a girl of fourteen. Some of the men followed her at a distance, and she went into the yard and up to the ghost, flapping its arms about, and discovered a man's white shirt flapping on the clothesline in a strong breeze. That's about the way all ghosts turn out.—Exchange.

## A Tabloid Fable.

A man once collided with an opportunity.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" growled the man.

"Don't you recognize me?" asked the opportunity pleasantly.

"No, and I don't care to. You have trodden on my corns," replied the man as he limped away.

Moral.—Don't believe the people who say they have never had a chance.—New York Times.

## The Unwitting Jester.

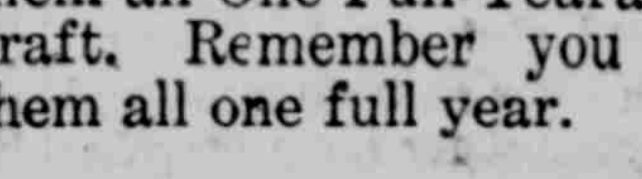
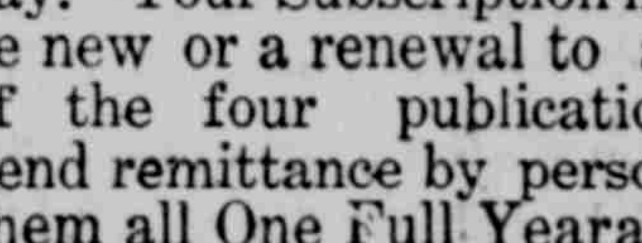
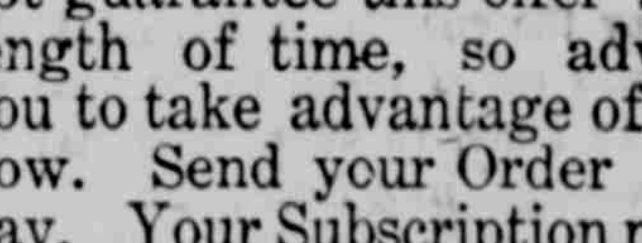
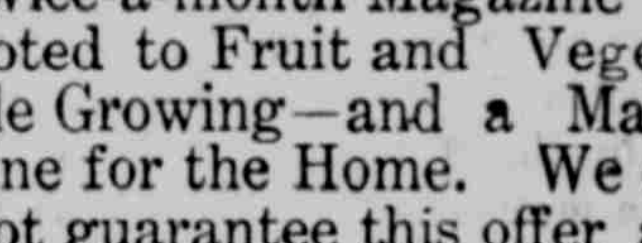
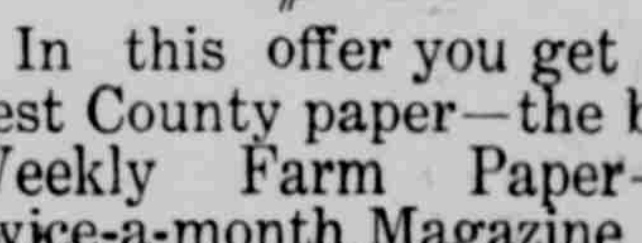
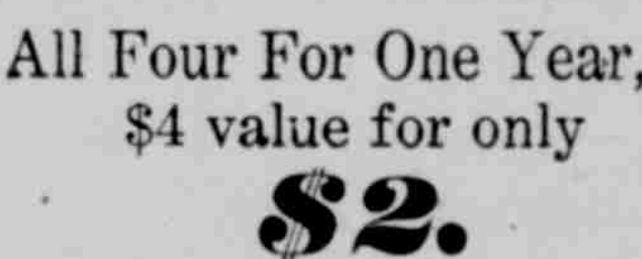
Here are some gem answers to questions put in a recent history examination at a large private school:

"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the mad parliament. It was something the same as it is at the present day."

"Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers known to history as 'the Ironclads.'"

"Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches."—London Tatler.

## A Bargain for our Subscribers



## An Introduction.

Harry was walking with another boy when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously.

Harry twisted, reddened and at last turned to his companion with, "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.

"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more and jerking one thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"—Liberal.

## The Prince of Grumblers.

When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders Farmer Joy quickly assented.

"Lots an' lots are never satisfied anyway," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em there'll always be something wrong somewhere."

"Now, last summer," he went on, with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was a fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk!"—Youth's Companion.



Teacher—What is the longest sentence you ever read, Bobby?  
Bobby—Imprisonment for life—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## SOUTHERN RY. TIME TABLE

Schedule in Effect Sunday Apr. 21 the Following is for Information Only and is not Guaranteed.

**EASTBOUND**  
No. 5 DAILY 9:34 A. M.  
No. 17 " 5:33 P. M.  
No. 11 " 8:10 P. M.  
No. 19 SUNDAY ONLY 6:5 A. M.

**WESTBOUND**  
No. 12 DAILY 7:37 A. M.  
No. 14 " 11:30 A. M.  
No. 9 " 7:00 P. M.  
No. 20 SUNDAY ONLY 11:30 A. M.

Time shown at Huntington.

**EASTBOUND**  
No. 1 DAILY 4:37 A. M.  
No. 6 " 9:20 " "  
No. 8 " 3:50 P. M.  
No. 26 " 5:40 "

**WESTBOUND**  
No. 2 DAILY 12:50 A. M.  
No. 4 " 10:30 " "  
No. 8 " 11:5 A. M.  
No. 2 " 8:0 P. M.

V. E. Claycomb, Asst. Jasper.

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